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All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor.
W. E. Church, South—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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A. L. Norton, Clerk, Hartford.
R. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—
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Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

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Hon. Joseph Hays, attorney, Owensboro.
R. L. Wise, jailer, Hartford.
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COUNTY COURT.

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Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. V. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

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COURT OF CLAIMS.

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J. Smith, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
J. H. Dore, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
R. P. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

CASBY DISTRICT—NO. 1.

R. F. Telford, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
P. H. Ayers, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

COOL SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 2.

A. N. Brown, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
D. J. Wilson, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

CENTREVILLE DISTRICT—NO. 3.

A. T. Coffman, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
W. F. Brier, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

BELL'S STORE DISTRICT—NO. 4.

Ben Newton, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
S. Woodard, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—NO. 5.

J. L. Burton, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
C. W. B. Cobb, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

ELLIS DISTRICT—NO. 6.

C. S. Melroy, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
James Miller, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.

A. B. Bennett, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
John P. Cooper, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

CROMWELL DISTRICT—NO. 8.

Melvin Taylor, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
Samuel Smith, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

SULPHUR DISTRICT—NO. 9.

John M. Leach, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
T. L. Allen, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

SELPHUR DISTRICT—NO. 10.

John A. Bennett, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
R. G. Wedding, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

BARRETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.

J. S. Yates, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.
W. H. Cummins, Mar. 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Dec. 1.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.
Charles Griffin, Marshal.

Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Thomas Stevens, Marshal.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Jas. W. Daniel, Marshal.

Central—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, April, July and October.
Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.

Hamilton—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address Melroy, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.
K. J. Cernan, Marshal, post-office address Melroy.

Rockport—James Tinsley, Judge, Hamiltonville, courts held first and third Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M. Secy.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINHEIMER, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

L. BARRETT, N. G. W. M. PHIPPS, Sec. B. P. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.

Rev. G. J. BRAY, W. G. C. T. Miss ELLEN TAYLOR, W. Sec. G. B. WILLIAMS, L. D.

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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 8, 1877.

NO. 30.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite to a pretty little tune. Holding up a dainty mouth, Sweet as sugar in June, Will was ten years old that day, And he pulled her golden curls Teasingly, and answered her: "I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years later, and Marguerite Smiles, as Will kneels at her feet, Gazing fondly in her eyes. "Praying, 'won't you kiss me, sweet?'" "Kiss is seventeen to day; With her birthday ring she toys For a moment, then replies: "I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XVII.

Although the "oldest inhabitant" does not now recollect when the girls dressed in doe skin, as described in Ralph Ringwood's tales, yet our recollections reach back to the time when they mostly dressed in home-spun; and it was no uncommon thing to see men and boys clad in buckskin pants and hunting shirts, with moccasins to suit; a most convenient, excellent lasting dress for dry weather, but a little worse than nothing when wet. This was the every day apparel. The most respectable and well-to-do part of the community, however, were provided with "store clothes," brought with them from Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, &c., which were kept sacred for Sundays, weddings and State occasions; for it is known to our present intelligent, refined and progressive ladies, that a fine dress was a dress for life, and frequently passed as heir-looms from generation to generation, and had not to be re-cut, re-modeled, re-faded, re-buttoned, and corded and spangled with lace, ribbons and all the "kicks" that now come in flaunting colors in the ladies' monthlies, and which they read and gloat over with more intense devotion than they do their Bibles.

But notwithstanding the women of those days were free from the galling claims of fashionable foolery, they perhaps exclaimed like Joan: "Woman's work is never done;" for many were the mothers with a family of small children, who arose at break of day, milked the cows, cooked breakfast, cleared up the house and table, spun, sewed and knitted, until time to cook dinner, and after dinner, without taking a fashionable sleep, washed, worked in the garden, or mended her wheel or needle, until milking or supper time again approached, which duties and labors being completed, she dozed on a button or mended a rent in some one's wearing apparel, and then sang her dear little ones asleep, not with the aid of the piano or guitar, but the lute, cheering him of the spinning wheel. "Oh, Heavens!" cries the model ladies of the present day, "what poor degraded slaves were the ladies of those days! Where were the Sue Anthonys and Stantons to raise the battle cry of freedom?"

Alas! the poor benighted ladies of that day lived in happy ignorance of the refined philosophy of the present times. They were befuddled and blinded by that now exploded folly of love and affection for their husbands and children. With strong, natural shaped bodies not distorted by pulchres and laces and stays, not poisoned by cosmetic dyes and paints, not sweltered in bustles and paddings, they could draw full invigorating draughts of pure forest air. They could run, jump, ride and even fight Indians equal to—and in fact were the peers of the now contemned and tyrant lords of creation.

But the poor creatures they had no refinement or learning. No, they never spent whole days and nights in reading foolish extravagant novels, distorting nature and filling their minds with vain and impracticable notions of life. They did not lay in bed and read the New York Ledger from week to week, nor had they learned to greet their worst enemy with a kiss, and express the utmost joy at meeting her, and then criticize her whole dress and action with the utmost spleen when she had left. No, the minds of the ladies in "those good old days," like their bodies, grew up strong and natural and vigorous, and grasped and held to the true objects and aims of life—"To multiply and replenish the earth," to cultivate and encourage the love, esteem and prosperity of their husbands and children. To this end they were content to labor from morn till night, ready on a pinch to turn out, drop corn, burn brush, or do any other jobs to help on in a pinch of wear. To do this end they were willing to work the same dress and bonnet from year's end to year's end.

Ah! what a happy arrangement of nature is the oblivious grave, where we peacefully rest, unawakened by the iron car and shrill whistle of modern progress. How it whistles the souls of our grandmothers to see the very fortunes they had labored to accumulate, squandered in the "no call" refinement of the present day; to see the whole savings of their honest labor squandered on a bonnet or handkerchief—to see all—alldating to the tune of the "Devil take the hindmost!"

The reader must not infer that our grandmothers were all model house-keepers. It is the peculiar trait of some intellects to continually take hold of the wrong end of everything, and by the time they get things turned right, if they ever do, they have lost much time and labor, and let important matters suffer for want of attention. It requires a philosophic mind and strong will, to adopt the great secret of life, which is, to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Without this rule a household or a farm is always a confused jumble; things are done in a hurry, and never well done. The men of those days were composed of the industrious, hard working farmers,

and the lazy, lounging hunters, with intermediate grades between the first, waged perpetual war around them, adding acre after acre to their cleared lands, which, unfortunately, they wore out in a few years by injurious culture. This destruction of soil resulted partly from the want of sufficient cleared lands, to adopt a system of rotation in crops, and partly from the fact that it was cheaper to clear up new lands than to restore those that were worn. Nor were the farmers oblivious to the charms of hunter's life. Frequently we would see the rifle taken from its rack at early dawn, and ere breakfast the man would return with the savory deer or turkey, or both, to regale his family or neighbors, and when autumn came it was no unusual thing to lay up a store of venison for the ensuing year. A fresh bear track produced as much excitement in a whole neighborhood as would the cry of Indians; the implements of husbandry fell to the ground, the gun was shouldered, and every one joined in the chase, until Bruin was slain and his carcass distributed, and his skin cast lost for.

Thrifty farmers soon acquired large herds of cattle, horses and swine, which required little care, save marking, handling, and gentling with salt and corn; all doing well through the summer on the wild prairie, a good substitute for clover, and fattening in winter on the canebrakes and mast.

The genuine hunter, so long as he tarried, and owing to the abundance of game, lingered in this country longer than any other portion of the State, was a peculiar type of the genius homo, a squatter on the people's land, he paid no taxes—a log cabin, a few acres of land enclosed by a pole or brush fence procured his bread, and with his good rifle he threw himself on his "reserved rights," and setting in the shade was "Sovereign of all he surveyed," except at times his better half. With his skins, venison hams and wild honey, he could always replenish his purse and leg. He seldom visited towns except on election days, and as elections were then held for three days at a time, he was generally so dull of comprehension, that it took all of that time, with a plenty of good feeding and treating, to make up his mind who he should vote for. Nay, he was sometimes so overwhelmed with kindness that he could not vote against either of his friends, and so went his way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Warning to Advertisers.

The insanity of Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, affords a terrible warning to advertisers. Here was a man engaged in the manufacture of a pill, not differing much from a hundred other pills that had been obtained at any drug store. In an undegraded moment he made up his mind that he would advertise, not in a picaresque style of the ordinary dealer, but in a comprehensive sort of way, by which he could reach every possible purchaser of pills. He started with the idea of diverting half of his profits each year to advertising. The result might have been foreseen. He accumulated money so rapidly that he did not know what to do with it. When he had rolled together fifteen million dollars, and had vainly endeavored to find some outlet for his ever increasing profits, his mind gave way under the absorbing cares of his vast business, and he is now a patient at an asylum for the insane. How easily this calamity might have been averted. If he had stuck to the conservative methods of many of our merchants, and refrained from advertising, he might have been passing quietly through bankruptcy now instead of being landed down with his uncounted millions. It is a dangerous experiment for a man who does not want to become rich to advertise. Or if he advertises at all he must advertise judiciously and at long intervals, lest his profits should grow out of all proportion to his requirements, and he should find himself burdened with wealth. Advertising, conducted on the principle of devoting half the profits of a business to it, is, we repeat, a dangerous experiment. It precipitates a fortune upon the advertiser so suddenly that the chances are even that he will not know what to do with his money. [Utica Observer.]

Bountiful Kentucky.

Good times ought to come back to Kentucky before a great while. The agricultural interests of a State uniformly afforded a reliable index to the condition of the people, and judging by this fact, the people of this State are bound to be prosperous. It is conceded that the crops of Kentucky never were more promising of a bountiful yield than now. The rye, corn, barley and wheat indicate unprecedented harvests. It is believed, too, that the large crops, now growing and gathered, will find an ample market in the course of the next ten months. The consequence will be that a vast volume of money will be turned into the State. Times will be made easier. People will be able to pay their debts. The merchants will have an increased number of customers, and thus, through the prolific agencies of Nature, a sure measure of relief will be insured to the country. At any rate, so blessed are the agriculturists of Kentucky, that no fear need be felt that the people of the State will have plenty and to spare.

The boy whose health is too delicate to have a row in his mother's garden, can always find constitution enough to dig fish bait for three hours.

Take all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

Facts for the People.

This is the heading of a circular issued to the voters of Princeton, Ky., by a committee of citizens favorable to Local Option. At a mass meeting of the citizens held in the Methodist church, the Secretary presented the following statistics as furnished from the books of the Depot Agent and Police Records:

Received at Princeton depot between May 1, 1874 and July 1, 1875—

56 bbls whisky and brandy	2,240 gals.
364 "	720 "
21 kegs "	100 "
14 "	70 "
Total	3,250 gals.

Received at the same place between May 1, 1876 and July 1, 1877—

35 bbls whisky and brandy	1,350 gals.
11 half-bbls "	220 "
10 kegs "	100 "
37 "	185 "
Total	1,865 gals.

Showing that during the fourteen months, under the Local Option Law, 1,365 gallons less of whisky and brandy, and 4,000 gallons less of ale and beer, were sold in Princeton than during fourteen months immediately preceding the adoption of said law.

Calculating the whisky a \$5 per gallon—which is a low estimate when sold by the glass—and the beer at 30 cents per gallon, and we have \$8,825 saved to the drinkers of Caldwell county in fourteen months. And still the cry is Local Option does no good—more whisky sold now than ever before.

From the Police Records it appears that the fourteen months preceding the vote on Local Option, there were forty arrests for drunkenness, and only four during last year.

From the Jailor's books it is shown that for one year, ending May 1, 1875, his fees against the corporation of Princeton for commitments for drunkenness were \$77.05. During the last year, not a cent. While it is true that many more arrests might have been and ought to have been made, yet this was also true under the license law, and the above is a very fair showing of the working of the law.

Successful Men.

Who are they? They are the men who, when boys, were compelled to work, either to help themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wish sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more valuable than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth passed in self-denial of food, sleep, rest and recreation. They set up late, rose early to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night that of another. A banker of high integrity, and who started in life without a shilling, said the other day:

"For years I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours."

Let not then any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed mother or sick sister, or unfortunate relative, for this has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. It is the path which men have often trod—thorny enough at times, at others so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassable; but the way was cleared, sunshine came, success followed—then glory and renown.

Hancock Items.

PELLVILLE, July 27, 1877.

Editor Herald:

In your paper of July 21st, I see correspondence from this point, in confirmation of which, permit me to say, the half is not told, but to elaborate that subject fully, would lay your Ohio county history in the shade, consequently I will desist.

I have been a subscriber for your paper for sometime, and consider it one of the best local sheets in our country. We, of Pellville, propose a club for your paper, and hope soon to send you a good number of names, thereby extending to you a hearty welcome in our midst, for we believe you will fairly and honestly represent us as Democrats, as well as those of your own county.

W. A. HAYS.

We clip the following from a letter of Rev. T. E. Richey to the Western Recorder:

Before closing permit me to state that in addition to my work for the Recorder office I have also been doing something for Bethel College. Some eight or ten young men have promised me to go there as students at the beginning of next session. Bethel College has grown into favor with the people everywhere I go. Everybody seems well pleased with Prof. Waggoner as president of the College and also with his professors as faculty. But, as I propose to speak more fully of this institution soon, I desist for the present only adding that the very best thing to be done for Bethel College next fall as students. But more about the College in future.

Neither Disraeli, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, nor any member of the banking house of the Rothschilds, nor August Belmont, nor Judah Benjamin, the first lawyer of London, can obtain board or lodging at Judge Hilton's tavern, while American, English, and German adventurers and black-legs with diamond breast-pins and plecthoric purses, are welcome to carouse with the fastidious Boniface as long as their money holds out. Hilton's tavern is a very remarkable contrivance.

Mr. Webb's Excursion.

(Detroit Free Press.)

If you had looked into the corridor at the Central station yesterday afternoon, you would have seen a long, shiny nose sticking through the barred door of cell No. 4, and you might have heard a low, some voice crying out:

"Puttin' me in here won't make a bit of difference! I'll rip and tear all the harder when I get out!"

His name is Webb. He is the oldest son of an old farmer in Greenfield Township. He was in town the other day with produce, and just as he was ready to leave the market, a boy approached him and asked him if he didn't want to buy a church excursion ticket for half price. It was to be a beautiful excursion, the boy said, with ice-cream, and lemonade, and handsome girls, and bashful widows all over the boat, and there would be soft music by the band, sweet singing by the choir, and shady angles would be hovering near to pick up the awful good children who tumbled overboard.

"I'm right there, bub," replied the oldest son, as he went down into his vest pocket for a quarter; and he further said that he'd been for years hankering to go on a boss excursion up the river.

The ticket read that the boat would leave the dock sharp at 9 o'clock A. M. of Thursday. The oldest son was on time. He went to the foot of Woodward avenue, and kept his eye looking for the steamer Norwest. He didn't see any church deacons around. No crowds of white-robed children surrounded him. At ten o'clock the oldest son pulled out his card, walked up to a knot of men and remarked:

"Has this excursion gone?"

"That excursion," replied one of the men as he read the ticket, "took place three weeks ago this morning."

"And I'm left!"

"Yes, sir—you are just twenty days and some odd hours too late."

"I paid two shillings for this ticket," grimly observed the oldest son. "It calls for an excursion. I've got bread and butter and ham, and a pint bottle full of tea in this basket, and I'm going on this excursion or know the reason why."

"There are several reasons why," laughed the crowd.

"Gentlemen, trot out your steamboat!" said Mr. Webb.

"Gentlemen, I give you just two minutes to pull your old steamer around here!"

More laughing.

"Gentlemen, I'm no blowhard. I want my rights, and I'm going to have 'em. I ain't going to plank down two shillings in cash, sit up half a night to grease my boots, sew on buttons and oil up my hair, ride twelve miles in an old wagon and find the boat gone, and not let folks know how I feel about it. Bring on your boat!"

"We don't own any boat," they answered.

"Can't help it—I hold you responsible. Paw your old boat around here or I'll climb the whole town!"

He put down his bundle and went in, the odds being eleven to one. He hadn't spit on his hands over three times before he was all twisted out of shape, and a good share of his body jammed into an old cheese box.

A policeman pried him into an untidy knot in his spinal column, smoothed out the knots in his spinal column, and told him his way to the station.

"Don't that call for an excursion?" demanded Mr. Webb, as he slammed his ticket down before the captain. "It does, if I know how to read, and now where is the excursion?"

"Gone," was the brief answer.

"Well, I ain't gone. I'm right here. I'm waiting for that boat, and if she don't come I'll wade up and down this town like a festive cyclone! I'll give you just two minutes to put me aboard of the excursion!"

Prejudice.

How many of our opinions are influenced by early bias? How few of us can claim that we are free from the taint of prejudice! It is the enemy of truth, the chief obstacle to science and philosophy; the cloud of reason. It is a veil which clouds perception, a moral narcotic which stupefies conscience. It blinds judges, and defeats the administration of Justice. It is the parent of intolerance and bigotry. It enables unprincipled men to rise to dangerous eminence, and is the most essential and potent bulwark of oppression in every land. Its eradication cannot be too early or earnestly sought by those who would inculcate sound economic principles among the masses.

Those Chinese immigrants who, on landing from the steamer at San Francisco the other day, had to be escorted to the Chinese quarter of the city by a strong body of police, to keep them from being devoured by hoodlums, must have felt that this "asylum for the oppressed of all nations," this "boasted land of liberty," this "free hearts' only home," was a fraud. They will surprise their countrymen at home with the intelligence that while we welcome the people of all other nations to our shores with open arms, we welcome them with fire-arms.

Foreign papers believe that Europe can take 2,000,000 head of cattle from the United States every year, the limit of cattle rearing having been reached in many parts of Europe. Figure up yourself what that would come to in the way of revenue to the United States at \$75 a head. The impression abroad is that Americans are not acting with reference to the export of beef as vigorously as they might.

Letter from Newville.

NEWVILLE, KY., Aug. 4, 1877.

Editor Herald:

We are a picnic-going people down this way, and have a jolly time as a rule. We attended one at Riley's Station on Saturday, 28th inst., given by the ladies and gentlemen of that vicinity, which was quite a nice arrangement, as all enjoyed themselves splendidly—dancing, chatting, and lastly, but not leastly, eating. Some of the parties can "take the skates" on a regular hoe down dance. One fellow said he had bought himself a regular built suit of store clothes, and was going to the boys from Riley's Station how the thing could be did, and the way he gave us the new step of ante bellum notoriety (chicken in the bread tray) with his No. 11s, was ludicrous indeed. The picnic was one of the nicest, with few exceptions.

Well, Buford has taken a rise very recently, as she now sports a regular string band, and the most important feature is that all parts are played to perfection on a drum. Well, that's curious, don't know what kind of a drum it is, suppose it might be a small drum, from the faint roll that I heard while trying to make my exit out of the small end of the "horn."

I suppose, if we could move Buford up the road, and half-size Buckhorn, the boys might make it a paying business to start immediately for Grayson Springs, as a combination of such musical talent ("Drum" and "Horn") would certainly win for the boys an immortal fame that posterity will never let sink into oblivion.

Manfred speaks in plain terms of some hard stock not yet disposed of. Well, yes, guess that's so. I know that, if the communication had not been too freely at ridged, others might have been incorporated in that hard stock, that will be as difficult to get off as an old rifle with no flint, the frozen too soft, and the powder wet. But don't give up, Manfred; you still have a chance, if you should be so fortunate as to attain to the size of a man.

Quite a crowd attended quarterly meeting at Pleasant Hill Church (Methodist) on last Sabbath.

We are informed that Rev. W. W. Cook has been requested to lecture upon the Mode of Christ's Baptism, at Pleasant Hill, 3rd Sunday in August. Quite a number of persons will be present when it becomes a fixed fact.

Whooping cough is very prevalent in an adjoining neighborhood, and is proving malignant with children.

Merchants are very busy just at this time doing nothing. Business of all kinds stagnant.

Mr. Ellingwood, formerly a druggist in Owensboro, but recently of the Glenview neighborhood, came to his death a few days ago by imprudently getting in front of a moving blade, to make a horse pull, while the machine was in motion, and was badly cut with the blade and otherwise injured. So much so, that it produced lock jaw, which terminated fatally.

Mr. O. O. Brown, recently of South Carrollton, has cast his lot among the carriages of Newville, and will keep a first class store, where the people can get good goods at their own price—if they will pay enough for them. Mr. B. says he, too, is fond of good company.

We are now having a nice shower, and there's no telling when we may expect any fair weather, so long as the "Drum" continues to fool the clouds; as a small cloud, on hearing the solemn roll of that drum, mistakes itself for something of larger magnitude, and supposing the tone of that drum to be heavy thunder, imagines itself to be something on a large scale, and we are pretty well drenched in consequence of it. Please trot your Horn from the topmost summit of Hoover's Hill and call in the boys and let's have peace.

Success to the Tho's Thumb of Pleasant Ridge. Motoc.

The Milkmen of Naples.

I must tell you about the Neapolitan milkmen, for they are funny fellows. They do not have a milk-wagon and horse as our milkmen have, or even a pail or dipper. They have only three legged stools tied to themselves (so that when they want to sit down they are all ready), and they drive their cows and goats before them to the different houses, and milk them at the door in a bowl provided by each customer. No chance of watered milk there you see.

That is not the queerest part of it, though. As I have said, Italian houses are very high—five, six, and seven stories often, with a different family on each floor. Even the palaces (palaces) of the rich are divided in this way. To the first floor (not the ground floor) there are sometimes from eighty to one hundred marble steps leading up. On this step a duke may live; on the next above, some one lower in rank, till it would not be impossible that the duke's landlady might live in the seventh story of his palazzo. These uppermost families usually take goats milk, because the goat can go up stairs, even to the top floor, and be milked in full view of the customer!

